

Lancaster Intelligencer.

TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 20, 1880.

The Electric Light.

The Edison electric light is not the assured thing that its inventor proclaimed it to be after he found his paper horse shoes working so nicely in their air-exhausted glass cells. The mean glass would not expand equally with the metal that penetrated it because it is not its nature to do so, and the inventor finds himself reduced to the necessity of discovering a glass of a different nature—and which therefore will not be glass—before the electric light is a success. We sympathize with Mr. Edison in this slip that has come between his lip and the cup just as he seemed about ready to drain its rich draught, and we sympathize as much with the owners of the Edison stock, which was reported to have bounded upward in value from a few dollars a share to thousands. It was very provoking; and the reporters who got their shares for the trouble they took to blow the electric light trumpet in the ears of the public to its great delight, all except gas stock owners, need consolation in the sudden subsidence of the fortunes they thought they already grasped. Perhaps they will yet come to them; but not before some easier problem remains to be solved than one which demands the equal expansion of glass and platinum. With the reputation Mr. Edison has established as an untiring investigator we are ready to believe in the possibility of his light still shining among men; though now that he has suffered this check evens people are saying ugly things about him and intimating that his discoveries have all been made years ago by others and have exploded on their practical test, and that the present excitement is nothing but a stock-jobbing scheme to make money by trading in gas company stock. Such intimations probably have no foundation but malice, and are mean attempts to disparage a man whose undoubted achievements give him the highest place among the men of the time for inventive genius. We trust that his labors will be rewarded with the success he merits, and quite possibly they will be. There surely can be no physical impossibility in cheaply drawing the electric light from its exhaustless reservoir.

His Sole "Distinction."

The nominations for census supervisors which have been made for this state indicate a very commendable effort on the part of those having this matter in hand to keep away from politics. There are Republicans and Democrats alike in the list, and while there may be more of one party than of the other it will be cause for general satisfaction that there is not a man among them all who is distinguished as a politician.—Philadelphia Times.

The last clause of the above cannot fairly be held to be true as it relates to the appointee for this district. If Joseph Samson has any distinction at all it is as a politician, and if he is not distinguished as a politician it is only because he has no distinction of any kind. In that line he has quite as much distinction as attaches to the average Hog Ringer and Bull Ringer in this county of unsavory political nomenclature. He has been a persistent officeholder, always hunting place when he was not occupying it. In his capacity as prison inspector and school director, he has been a constant violator of the law which forbids members of these boards furnishing supplies to the public institutions and, in general, he is an adept practitioner of all the arts of the small politician. He was ousted from the prison direction by virtue of the strong charges made by the ruling faction of his own party that he had been an active promoter of the scandalous management which has so long prevailed in that institution, and his last appointment, to a place for which he has no special fitness and no desert, reflects credit neither on Congressman Smith who secured it nor on Mr. Hayes who made it.

Conkling's Candidacy.

The decade of the third term boom brings forward prominently as a presidential candidate Roscoe Conkling, who has heretofore been held to have been Grant's right hand man. The New York Herald, in double headed Washington correspondence, as well as editorially, initiates an effort to draw Conkling out from the shadow of the increasingly unpopular third term movement, and to present him as the candidate who could most surely carry New York on the popular vote. But what ground for this assurance the Herald has it does not state, and the foundation for it is not obvious. Mr. Conkling, while he controls his own party in New York, is not a generally popular man and would have no reason to expect more than his party vote, nor even that, since he has bitter enemies in his own fold. Admiration for his talents does not extend to his character, which is very far from being beyond reproach. It may be that with the new scheme in his hand to have the electors chosen by the people he would be the man to carry his state, but the Herald's idea strangely is that this movement, made in the house of Mr. Conkling's apparent friends, is really made against him. That can hardly be. If Mr. Conkling is the strongest Republican presidential candidate in New York, it is only because of his power to control the political machinery of the party there, and certainly not because of his hold upon the people. We should welcome the opportunity of meeting him on that field with the Democratic candidate, even with Tilden, who is alike without personal popularity; and with Horatio Seymour as the candidate there would be no doubt at all of the state.

It would have been a bad snap to have convicted "the best workers in the ward" on the eve of a municipal election. The acquittal of Mike Snyder on the plea of *autre fois acquit* can be traced none the less directly to the proper source because the previous acquittal was accomplished by legal jugglery and for a corrupt consideration.

MINOR TOPICS.

ELDER THATCHER, a Mormon apostle, is meeting with great success in Mexico.

DURING the past year there have been in France twenty-five persons condemned to death, of whom two were women.

The Maryland House of Delegates has six chaplains, to whom it pays \$500, to be divided between them equally.

The total liabilities of Baltimore on December 31, 1879, were \$35,017,151.73. The receipts for the year from all sources were \$4,598,388.40.

The practice of glibly "implicating old offenders" in crimes not proven, and of revamping criminal records to injure private individuals, is like the habitation of glass houses—dangerous in times of promiscuous stone throwing.

GENERAL JOE LANE and a number of prominent Oregon Democrats have issued an address to the members of their party in that state, dwelling upon the importance of upholding state rights against centralization and advocating governmental reforms.

A WORKMAN in the bleachery at Millville, N. J., was carried on a rail on Saturday because he started a rumor that three of the leading mechanics were going to persuade the men to strike for increased pay. Some of the hands wanted to tar and feather him.

THE Philadelphia North American says: "The bill for the relief of Fitz John Porter has been adopted by the House committee on military affairs. It ought to be passed forthwith. The recent trial proved beyond doubt that Fitz John Porter has been subjected to cruel injustice."

THE Cincinnati Gazette has heard from about one-quarter of the counties of Ohio on the question of Republican presidential candidates, and the figures are: Sherman, 377; Blaine, 158; Grant, 92; Washburn, 13; Garfield, 14; Hayes, 14; Brewster, 2; Dennison, 1; Stanley Matthews, 1; non-committal, 15.

WE respectfully refer to our neighbor over the way the query of a correspondent who wants to know if the *New Era*, which assails the present district attorney for multiplying indictments, is the same *New Era* that is edited by the political professor of the last district attorney, whose official career taught the present state's office how to multiply indictments.

As ingenious colleague in journalism has discovered that there are in France, at the present moment, 1,700 women of letters and 1,150 lady artists, as they are called in England. Two-thirds of these writers were born in the provinces, Normandy, Brittany or the South, while two-thirds of the artists are born Parisians. Out of the writers, 1,000 publish novels or moral stories for children, 200 are poets, 150 are poets for pedagogical journals. Out of the artists, 107 are sculptors, 702 oil painters, 193 miniaturists, 254 ceramists and 494 water-color and fan painters, or pastel and crayon drawers.

Thus, from the New York correspondent of the Washington Republic, seems to be the average popular judgment on the new opera: "The Pirates of Penzance" may be considered as fairly acclimated now. Its success is assured, but it will never be popular in the sense that "Pinafore" has been. It will never be whistled and sung and quoted, instant in season and out of season, as that brilliant operetta has been. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan said it would not—perhaps they intended it should not—and it is not. "Pinafore" is a vagabond, a street game—it is equally at home in the theatre and out of it. But we shall go to hear "The Pirates of Penzance" without immediately wishing to form a company and play it ourselves.

THE GREAT EDITORS.

Waterston Chaffs Cincinnati's Field Marshal.

Murat Halstead preserves a sense of how it feels to be misrepresented, and writes thus to the Louisville Courier-Journal: "The following appears in the Courier-Journal, and I speak of it because it has become a bore: 'Murat Halstead of the Cincinnati Commercial said to report in Washington city, the other day, that he prays night and morning that Grant may not be nominated.' I did not say anything of the kind. I did express regret that Grant was a candidate for the presidency and a hope that the Republicans would not nominate him. I am opposed to the third term. I judge that no citizen ever will be, or ought to be, under any circumstances, president of the United States for more than eight years. In the same connection it is said that I told a story of 'a nigger' and a darkey preacher," etc. I did refer to the desperate slave of the colored brother at a campmeeting to take to the woods if all roads led to the bad, but I do not use the terms 'nigger' and 'darkey.' It is perhaps absurd to attempt to correct this sort of thing, but I cannot resist the temptation to see quoted as your exact language that which you didn't, couldn't, and wouldn't say. Mr. Waterston, evidently realizing the enormity of the offense in this case, thus closes his apology: 'With our hand upon our hearts we declare that we have never seen Mr. Halstead pray. Neither have we ever heard him say 'nigger' or 'darkey.' Though not a devoted person, he has always, at least in our presence, referred to those who emanate from a previous condition of servitude as 'our esteemed neighbor of the colored persuasion,' or speaking of individual examples, alluded to 'our unfortunate friend, Othello,' or 'our sportive acquaintance, Tonsant L'Ouverture,' varying, at times these picturesque sobriquets and in a mood quickened with 'Another thimbleful of soda-water, Bismarck,' and 'I say, Von Moltke! A sprinkle of nutmeg, if you please.' And thus ever hath it been the humor of this good man to twist away the harmless jest and playful jests into a last word not to come again. On Sunday afternoon last the Howleys again visited Richmond's and were driven from the house. Eugene returned armed with an iron bar and threatened to kill Richmond, when the latter took down his gun the first time. An inquest was held, but no arrest made."

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John Richmond, an eccentric old man of 73 years living near the Susquehanna county, has been annoyed a good deal lately by two brothers, George and Eugene Pawley, who would go to Richmond's house and abuse him and his son-in-law and demand and obtain provisions. Richmond grew tired of this and refused to attend a dance the night before, suffering from concussion of the brain, which resulted fatally on the same day. It was supposed he had fallen accidentally, but the police have obtained evidence which shows that he was pushed down the stairs by an unprovoked blow from John McQuigley, who was going up stairs as Redden was passing down. McQuigley, who is 19 years old, together with William McQuigley, who was with him at the time, is under arrest.

gotten through with very well; then the choir struck the first piece of smooth ice, and the organ stopped just as the second verse was being commenced; it did not stop dead but sent up a low plaintive wail, as if it had been something that did not agree with it. The choir was now slowly sliding on the smooth ice; it stood for a minute, when slowly the feet came out from under it and it slid down with a very red face. The small boys in the front seat giggled, laughed, roared. The organist pumped, worked and played, still the small voice of the old organ kept up its constant wail. At last the tenor singer came to the rescue. He took the obstinate old "wailer," gave it a good shake, and, much to the regret of every twelve-year-old in the room, it stopped—we hope never to go again.

CONWAY ON IRELAND.

He Thinks the Distress Ought to be Alleviated by the Sale of Churches and Monasteries.

In Ireland, says M. D. Conway, the outlook grows gloomier every day. There are considerable districts, chiefly in the western part of the island, where the people have neither food nor clothing, and no work. Crime is following, as usual, close on famine. It is stated that in the whole district from Lecanore round the coast to Tully, Streamstown, Omay, Clifden, Roundstone, Carne and Galway, the help industry is gone; there is no work, and private charity is utterly unequal to cope with the distress. The Duchess of Marlborough's appeal for a voluntary fund to deal with pressing necessities is meeting with a good response. A relief committee has been formed at Dublin, and others will probably be organized in the provinces. There is a probability that the government will undertake the long proposed work of improving the Shannon, if only to provide employment for those who have no work. I need hardly say that, in the presence of such a calamity, the government will hardly venture to press its pretensions for wild political agitation and speech very far. It would certainly fail if it did. But it may be added that none here hold the government at all responsible for the distress in Ireland. They will only be assailed if they do not energetically grapple with it. It is a curious thing, however, to see all the English theatres crowded with spectators, witnessing in the pantomimes of the season good fairies conquering wicked ones, and valiant knights overcoming story book ogres and dragons, while the real ogre of hunger and dragon of famine are devouring thousands in another part of the kingdom, and no hero starts up with strength sufficient to slay them. The only thing that is being done in Ireland is for all the churches, Catholic and Protestant, to make up their minds that Almighty God can exist and be happy without their attentions and costly services. If he be as kindly a God as they say in their services, he would surely be happy to see the churches and cathedrals sold at auction for the purpose of relieving the distress of his miserable worshippers.

A Level-headed Butler.

For real practical promotion and diffusion of knowledge among men commend me to Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil. He is remembered in this country as a quiet, sensible gentleman who would not be fettered and who traveled about unobtrusively, gathering up all sorts of hints and helps toward improving his own country and people. He keeps it up. His latest movement has been to establish, in connection with the department of commerce at Rio Janeiro, a "Central Commission of International Exchanges." The idea of such commissions in all countries was broached at the geographical congress held in Paris in 1875. The French government has already acted upon the suggestion, and now Dom Pedro, intelligently grasping the interests of his people, issues an imperial decree creating a commission. It will be a general bureau of information and exchange for the literary and scientific world, give assistance to scientific expeditions in hunt up information hidden away in libraries and government archives, receive and distribute publications sent from foreign countries, appoint delegates in all the Brazilian provinces to co-operate with it—in a word, organize the knowledge of our land and collect more.—Remond's Republic.

LATEST NEWS BY MAIL.

Kohler, the defaulting Louisville cashier, has been sent to jail.

The jury in the Young murder trial, at Petersburg, Va., are still out.

The printers on the morning papers of Kansas City, Mo., are all out striking.

The bark Continental, which left Washington, D. C., November 14 for St. Jago de Cuba, is supposed to be lost, with all on board, including Captain Larabee, wife and child.

A stable belonging to A. J. Wilson, a dry goods merchant, at Chatham, Ont., was burned on Sunday. Two of Mrs. Wilson's children, who had been playing with matches in the stable, were burned to death.

Burr Robbins, a circus proprietor, was fatally injured on Sunday evening at Jacksonville, Wis., by his head coming in contact with a bridge while he was running his little steamer rapidly on Rock river.

Eleven obstinate jurors—the Hayden jury disagree and are discharged by the court—Murder in the first degree never entertained in their deliberations—One holding out for murder in the second degree, the other eleven for acquittal.

The negro Jordan, who ran off with a white girl from Fauquier, Virginia, some time ago, and was arrested in Maryland and brought to Warrenton on Wednesday last, was taken from the jail at that place about 2 o'clock yesterday morning and hanged.

A tragic shooting affair occurred at Lancaster, Penn., Sunday, when John H. Bridgmont, Conn., where he had his memorata, Mattie Ford, wounding her fatally, and then sending a bullet into his own brain. The woman had been leading him in his suit, which she finally refused.

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STATE ITEMS.

Napoleon Campagna and Chester L. Lewis begin a 75-hour foot race at Brooklyn to-morrow evening.

James Boyd, of Norristown, was elected president of the Stony Creek railroad at the annual meeting of stockholders yesterday.

Oliver Drescher, of Hartranft station, on the Stony Creek railroad, Montgomery county, was found dead near the insane hospital on Sunday. Coroner Long's jury returned a verdict that Drescher was killed by the cars. No one saw the accident, but as both arms were broken below the elbows and other wounds inflicted it was thought to be certain that the unfortunate man, who was a well-known and respected citizen, met his death on the track.

Wednesday's coincidence yesterday in the affairs before the court. Judge Woodward occupied the bench, and the case under consideration—Harvey vs. Bonham—had for attorneys, ex-Judge Harding, whom Woodward succeeded; Hubbard B. Payne, who was the judge's active opponent; and the judgeship; and C. B. Metzger, on the jury, who is Judge Woodward's successor as chief engineer of the Wilkesbarre fire department.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Muddy Streets.

Many of the streets are in a terribly bad condition, and owing to the very open winter we have had, this was to have been expected. But we think there is no possible excuse for the almost impassable condition in which the first two squares of North Queen street is at present. When it is remembered that the street committee during the past season has spent \$400 or \$500 in repairing these squares, and the street commissioner has recently hauled away from them hundreds of cartloads of filth, and that the street is yet almost impassable from Centre square to the railroad, it must be palpable to all that there has been gross neglect or mismanagement somewhere. Residents in the vicinity of North Queen and Orange streets call their favorite thoroughfare "the canal of the Dismal Swamp," and say it has been opened for navigation for the season. Storekeepers complain that their business is greatly interfered with and shoppers find it almost impossible to get from one side of the street to the other, the so-called "crossings" being as deeply covered with mud as the rest of the roadway. What are the street committee and the street commissioner going to do about it? It is to be hoped they will not waste any more money by attempting to pike it with rotten slate.

Bantam and Brahmas.

Eds. INTELLIGENCER: "Brahma" begs leave to thank your reporter who "carried the news" to him, that Mr. Charles E. Long's bantams received "four first, two second and two special premiums at the Franklin county poultry exhibition." No doubt the premiums were well deserved—for Dr. Dickie, of Doylestown, who acted as judge, is an expert who is not liable to make mistakes. By referring to the premium list of the Franklin county exhibition, I find that of over \$100 cash premiums offered, only \$6 were offered for bantams (a fair proportion). Of the \$20 special premiums offered, the Asiatics, Games, Spanish and American, received \$5 each, and the bantams nothing, (a very fair proportion). Of the 100 premiums, amounting to over \$100, the bantams received less than \$5 (a decent allowance), the remainder of the premiums being awarded to Brahmas, Cochins, Games, Plymouth Rocks, turkeys, geese and other fowls that mean something when put in the market basket or on the dinner table. In a word, the Franklin county premium list was so arranged that the bulk of the premiums fell to the owners of valuable fowls, while only a moiety fell to the owners of pets. On the other hand the Lancaster county premium list was so arranged that considerably more than one-half of all the premiums fell to the owners of pets, while owners of hundreds of fine fowls on exhibition received little (and most of them nothing) for their excellent exhibits. In no fault-finding spirit, but with a hope of preventing a similar mistake at the next exhibition of the society, "Brahma" called attention to the matter. At horse fairs, ponies are not awarded higher premiums than Percherons or thoroughbreds. At cattle shows the highest premiums are always given to the stock possessing the most valuable beef-producing or milking qualities. At mechanical exhibitions the chief premiums are not awarded to ingeniously constructed toys, but to valuable implements and machines. And so in poultry exhibitions the almost universal practice is, and ought to be, to award the bulk of the premiums to valuable breeds of fowls. This was done at the late Franklin county exhibition, at the Berks county exhibition, and at all others except the Lancaster exhibition. Until it can be shown that bantams are more valuable than other breeds of fowls I will hold to my formerly expressed opinion, that a poultry society to be successful and useful among the flesh-producing and egg-producing breeds—the Game, Leghorn, Hamburg, Plymouth Rock, Cochins and

BRAHMA.

The following is a list of unclaimed letters remaining in the Lancaster postoffice for the week ending January 19.

Ladies' List: Amanda Clark, Mary Horthen, Florence Heinley, Anna Neff, Maggie Shroff, Lavinia Smith, Anna M. Warner.

Girls' List: Geo. F. Anderson, Erbin D. Bechtel, John H. Bicknell, Milton J. Brecht, Frank Bolger, D. Brandes, John Bruner, John Dart, Jacob Eshenshade, Chm. B. Eshenshade, Geo. F. Golin, Abm. Herr, John L. Herr, Sam'l Myers Hoover, Henry N. Jans, Mr. Kniffman, J. Knisly, Konrad Knott (for), Geo. M. Little, William Mayer (for), D. S. Peterman, Mr. Penrose, Thos. C. Reynolds, John H. Shenk, Edward Scheidler (for), Edward Smith, B. W. Snyder, William Steigelmeyer, Henry Steinman, Peter Stoots, Frederick Zimmer.

Law and Order.

One of the issues which may properly settle in the approaching municipal election is that which grows out of the complaint of the mayor that the police authority of the city cannot be fairly and successfully exercised when prosecutions are strangled in the quarter sessions because the law-breakers are or can be bribed to become the best Republican workers in the ward.

Surety of the Peace.

On complaint of Joseph Stark, of the 6th ward, Abraham Speidel was held by Alderman McConomy to answer at court for surety of the peace—complainant swearing that in consequence of threats made by defendant he believes his life to be in danger.

BILLIARDS.

Champion Schaefer and Eugene Carter at the City Hotel.

Mr. H. H. Powers, proprietor of the City hotel, has for some time past been negotiating to secure the presence in this city of the famous billiard expert, Jacob Schaefer, and yesterday afternoon that gentleman, accompanied by Eugene Carter, another noted player, and J. W. C. Brown, whose name is familiar as referee or marker in metropolitan championship matches, arrived in this city directly from New York and put up at the City hotel. There was a good-sized crowd of persons curious to see the famous champion of the cue when the train came in, and when the gentlemen stepped off the cars and were met by Captain Powers, there was a subdued chorus of "ohs" and "ahs," and interrogatories of "Which is Schaefer?" were frequently heard as the party moved off toward the City hotel, where a game had been announced for three o'clock, and where a fair-sized audience, comprising some of our best known local billiard players and admirers of the game quickly assembled to witness the exhibition.

Mr. Schaefer is a gentleman probably less than twenty-five years of age, under medium size and slightly built. He has a keen, well-set eye, a thin, dark mustache, and rather sparse growth of dark brown hair. He at present holds the title of champion of the United States and the championship emblem, which he won from William Sexton on the 10th inst., at the great Tammany hall match, in which Mr. Schaefer was victorious by the score of 600 to 585. Mr. Sexton had had the badge since November, having won it and first money at the Collender tournament, on which occasion Schaefer secured third place; in that famous exhibition Geo. Slosson came in second, barely missing the coveted distinction of the championship, which has long been the height of his ambition and has been almost within his grasp on more than one former occasion. The badge is a magnificent piece of workmanship. It is made of solid gold, handsomely jeweled, octagonal in shape, with the word "Champion" surrounding it. In the centre is a miniature billiard ball, beautifully set with small diamonds and rubies, and from which radiate to the angles of the octagon lines intended to represent cues; the top of the badge, to which the pin is attached, represents a billiard table. The emblem was exhibited to the audience and was the object of a great deal of admiration.

The afternoon game between Mr. Schaefer and Mr. Carter was for 300 points, under present championship rules. Mr. Carter, who is also a young man, is the reputed champion "bank" shot of the world. He is a tall, well-built and pleasant-looking young fellow, apparently with a temper and disposition as evenly balanced as his wonderful nerves and unerring eye. His upper lip is adorned with a red mustache, and his thick curly hair is several shades darker. The game was in every respect a brilliant one, and was won by Mr. Carter, in twenty-two innings, the champion evidently reserving his powers for the evening exhibition, although both players showed some brilliant work, and the frequent pretty shots evoked the applause of the audience. The largest run was 82, by Mr. Carter, and the score in full was as follows:

Carter—6, 0, 12, 1, 2, 32, 2, 18, 43, 2, 2, 59, 82, 1, 10, 4, 21, 9, 12, 19, 7, 2, Total, 529.

Schaefer—4, 0, 0, 0, 0, 51, 17, 5, 68, 2, 0, 11, 0, 0, 1, 5, 12, 6, 0, 17, 2, Total, 229.

Winner's average, 13.71; loser's 10.6.

The evening game was witnessed by a considerably larger crowd, and much enthusiasm prevailed. Both games were played on the beautiful "Monarch" table (J. B. Brunswick & Balke Co.—4½ feet) and with 2½ inch balls. The evening game was 400 points up, and, as in the afternoon, Mr. Brown acted as referee and marker. The men strung for the lead, Carter won and failed to count, and the champion followed with a miss; on his second shot Carter made 3, and Schaefer retired with a zero. In the third inning Carter again missed; Schaefer took up his cue and went to work; by careful manipulation of the ivory he got them together, coaxed them along the rail, and then began an exhibition of his wonderful skill in nursing. By rapid rail play he added point after point to his score, the balls clicking gently as they traveled up the left hand cushion, and never being allowed to wander a hair beyond the player's easy control. As the audience watched they knew that the inning was one destined to yield "great billiards" and the excitement became visible in the craned necks and eager glances of the spectators. How slowly the balls obeyed his magic cue! How grandly they moved along, adding point after point to the score! Once they broke, when a brilliant masse brought the globes together again and called out a burst of applause. They sped along, passed the corner safely, and had just started on their journey along the upper cushion, when an unexpected miss on the 98th shot was greeted with a chorus of disappointed "Oh's," and the champion sat down just three points short of the triple numbers, the superb run being rewarded with loud applause. From this time on the tenth inning the shots failed to yield any great number of points, when Schaefer by fine play rolled up 45, and at this juncture the marker called out, "Mr. Schaefer 205, Mr. Carter 58." On the 14th inning the champion counted 46, followed it with 21, and then, after a miss, tacked 34 to his string. On his 20th inning the champion ran 19, followed with a miss, then rolled up 25, and on his twenty-fourth inning, after he had made 18 and wanted only 1 to go, heeded the suggestion of his adversary to "make a fancy shot," and failed to count. Carter only succeeded in counting 3, and left the balls in a position that forced him to throw up the sponge, and the winner, Schaefer, was saluted with prolonged applause. Carter's play was very weak up to the eleventh inning, when by excellent play and a number of pretty shots he rolled up 36, followed with 33 more in the thirteenth. In the seventeenth he counted 21, then began a succession of good runs, culminating on his twenty-first inning, where the audience was again worked up to a high pitch of excitement by the expectation of seeing the champion's long run equalled or surpassed. Having got the globes in favorable position, he repeated the fine exhibition of rail play afforded by Schaefer in the early stage of the game, varying it occasionally by a brilliant round-the-table or pretty masse, and rapidly running up the points. When 73 was reached the interest was intense, as there seemed no likelihood of the balls breaking. At almost the same spot on the upper cushion at which Schaefer had missed, and on a

yet easier shot, Carter terminated his brilliant work, and sat down amid loud applause, with 88 additional points appended to his credit; and when the marker called "Mr. Schaefer 346, Mr. Carter 239," the interest in the game heightened at the prospect of a close contest, for it was known that both men were players who don't stop counting until the last shot. But the young champion kept his nerve, and three more shots yielded the necessary 54 points to make him the winner. The score:

Carter—2, 3, 8, 7, 6, 0, 1, 4, 36, 2, 23, 3, 0, 4, 21, 12, 6, 59, 88, 0, 0, 2, Total, 529.

Schaefer—0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 14, 18, 2, 0, 43, 11, 6, 0, 43, 21, 0, 34, 5, 19, 4, 25, 0, 18, 1, Total, 499.

Winner's average, 16; loser's, 10.19-25.

At the conclusion of the game the two men engaged in a contest of "bank" shots, 10 points up, which was won by Carter, who scored the necessary number, to Schaefer's 6. This is said to be Mr. Carter's great specialty, in which he claims the national championship. The object is to strike a cushion before caroming, and affords opportunity for beautiful and scientific work and accurate judgment in order to touch the cushion at exactly the right spot to come back and carom.

Both men also gave exhibitions of fancy shots, many of which cannot be described otherwise than marvelous, and were greeted with tumultuous applause, notably Mr. Schaefer's wonderful work with twenty balls, which he started off from one corner of the table and brought them around to the other corner within a mark described with chalk, all the balls being in motion at the same time and not "kissing." Mr. Carter's fancy and finger shots were also greatly admired.

Messrs. Schaefer and Carter left for New York to-day, whence they start for New Orleans on Thursday to engage in a tournament soon to come off there, in which Sexton and other celebrities